

stabbed the butt down hard in the ashtray, and said, "Honey (dripping venom), you do it your way, I'll do it mine," giving the cigarette one last vicious stab and grabbing the coffee pot. She started out for the floor to do refills, then spun and turned back to the tight-lipped Delores. "I'll tell you something, Hon. That guy left a five-dollar tip for the dollar ninety-eight breakfast special, and I'll tell you something else," moving in close to the younger woman, "If I had a body like yours, he'd of left twenty. So why don't you loosen up, huh?"

Delores finished ringing up a ticket. Amy came back for the pitcher of ice water and asked her, "You talk to the Sexpot?"

Delores nodded.

"Think it did any good?"

"No."

From the floor they heard Betty's gravel voice saying, "Ellis, I'll pour ya another cup of Java if you promise to keep your hands to yourself, you old pervert," bringing laughter from the crowd and Ellis' hand out from under the table to make a fake grab at the old girl's crotch. Betty slapped it hard and said, "Watch it Ellis, I'm not that kind of girl, you know."

Bill came out from the kitchen for a cup of coffee, pulling at the seat of his pants, trying to dislodge his underwear from where it had been shoved and said, "That old broad is something else, ain't she?"

Delores nodded, and Amy said, "Chippy from the word go."

## LOPSIDED BLUES

Betty had to think of her reputation. Her customers in the cafe were getting a little too fresh. So when Ellis, as she was refilling his coffee, asked her if she'd give him a little leg, she said, "No, Honey, no leg today, but how 'bout a little tit?" and she reached into her uniform, pulled out her breast prosthesis, and laid it on the table in front of him.

He gasped and recoiled, his eyes as big as the sunny-side eggs on his plate, as big as the pink rubber nipple on the disembodied breast. He slid away from it on the bench seat, sputtered, and spit out the words, "MY GOD."



Betty snatched her boob off the table and ran back to the kitchen. She leaned up against the refrigerator and laughed so hard that her feet slid out from under her on the greasy floor. She was sitting there gasping, wiping the tears from her eyes, and trying to regain her composure, when Bill, the cook, came up and asked her, "What the hell is that in your hand, Betty?"

She giggled and handed it over. He took a look, dropped it like it had burned him, and said, "MY GOD," as it bounced away and rolled under the grill.

Out front, the other waitresses huddled together around the coffee machine, horror stricken, talking among themselves about what a shameless old hussy this new girl Betty was.

#### WATCHIN' THE DOG

Clete and Juanita drove off to Vegas, leaving their dog in the care of the next door neighbors, Ruth and Ellis, and Ruth and Ellis were finding out that Ginger, three pounds of beetle-browed, stick-legged, high-stepping Chihuahua, would steal the food right out from under your nose if you weren't careful: a weiner had disappeared from Ellis' T.V. tray when he'd gotten up for a beer, Ruth had lost two-thirds of a jelly donut when she was paging through the T.V. guide, and one of two T-bones that had been laid out on a paper plate on the picnic table vanished when Ellis turned his back to light the briquettes.

The final straw was when Ruth caught the little pig up on the kitchen counter sniffing at the big sixteen-pound ham she had cooling on the cutting board.

She slunk into the kitchen on the dog's blind side and silently slid the meat cleaver from the utensil drawer. She brought it down with the intention of beheading the little glutton, but she missed. The cleaver smashed the cutting board and bounced the ham and Ginger into the air. The dog hit the ground scampering, going nowhere on the glossy, freshly waxed floor before she finally, and barely an inch in front of certain death, got some traction and flew.

Ruth gave chase, bending and bringing the cleaver down, divoting her shag rug, her front porch, her front lawn, and her driveway as Ginger zigged and zagged away from